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Fur

by transriot

Summary

Chrom has always been a cat person, but sometimes he likes to visit a park to see the dogs that pass by. There's a man he constantly see, along with his two, adorable dogs.

Notes

lucina is a cat (russian blue)
morrigan (female morgan) and morgan are both newfie pups
might be a bit ooc but my headcanon is that robin (both versions) are extremely sassy when they're in a good enough mood, and they bring out that sass in chrom

Paws

Chrom honestly preferred cats to dogs, they were quieter and and he appreciated when his small kitten curled up by his side when he studied. Of course, that isn't to say he didn't like dogs. He had just grown up with cats, most of them being his older sisters'. Besides, with Lissa's allergies they never got the chance to have a dog. Bringing a dog near her would cause her to start sneezing and get red eyed with a dry throat.

So they never had the option of getting a dog unless they wanted to constantly stack up on medications to stop Lissa's symptoms. Honestly, Chrom didn't mind. He was able to pet any of his friends dogs when he got the chance, but he still preferred cats.

His own cat, Lucina, was picky when it came to affection. She was constantly all over Chrom but when it came to other people she would watch them silently and glare until they gained her trust. Most cats were like that, but Lucina was extra picky, seeming to hiss at some of his friends as soon as they step in the house for the first time. But she wasn't mean, other than that really, she would just run off and hide in some corner until they were gone.

After a few visits she would come out and meow at them for attention. She preferred Chrom to anyone else, curling up in his lap and purring loudly.

But sometimes he liked to walk in the closest park to him and glance at any of the dogs that passed by with a childlike adoration. He would be trying to study but sometimes he longed for a dog, causing him to stare and smile at any dog who passed and turned it's head towards him on the street.

There were two black dogs that seemed to be curious about him, constantly tugging on their leashes and leaving their owner to struggle slightly to sniff at him. He's always wanted to reach out and pet them but their owner would call them back and tug softly before giving him a smile. It wouldn't have mattered anyways, whether the owner pulled them back or not since he was hesitant to touch the dogs. Chrom figured the owner wouldn't appreciate it if he did.

Their owner was a different story entirely, not only were the two dogs he walked were adorable but the owner himself was just eye-catching. With white hair that seemed to fall softly around his face and an easy smile that Chrom just found charming. He never bothered to talk to him though, just like with petting his dogs, Chrom was hesitant to approach him.

It seemed that whenever Chrom was there, the dogs and their owner was there too. He figured it was a walking schedule but surely the owner must've had several routes in the park. Chrom

thought that maybe he just preferred that route to all others.

It wasn't like he minded, he got to see a cute dog owner and two cute dogs whenever he was there. Of course, he wouldn't pet the dogs. He thought that Lucina might get jealous if he did, he wasn't sure about her standpoint on dogs but having an angry cat wouldn't be the best for him since she was so testy.

#

Chrom figured that since it was cold outside that he should stay inside, to avoid a cold or just for the sake of being comfortable while he studied. Despite the idea of being comfortable and warm, Chrom decided to face the briskness outside and sit in his usual spot. It was going to be his last chance to study outside till the spring, so he wanted to enjoy it while he could.

That's why he was sitting with his long legs tucked up and a book balancing on his thighs as he leaned against the trunk of a tree. Chrom was glad that it wasn't windy outside, making sure his pages and papers stayed where they needed to. There wasn't to much homework for him to do, since he did the majority in whatever downtime he found in the past week.

It was about 20 minutes into when he sat down that he heard barking and a voice yelling; "Morrigan! Morgan! Come here!" the voice wasn't to deep, but deep enough for Chrom to presume a masculine presenting person behind it.

A black furred blur almost ran past him but Chrom managed to lurch forward and grab onto the leash as fast as he could. The dog skidded to a stop, whining that it's mad dash was interrupted. He glanced down at his stuff, relieved to see that it hadn't been knocked down far away or ruined. Chrom sighed in relief, looking back at the dog which was still trying to pull on the leash.

"Sit?" the order sounded more like a question than a command, but the dog sat down anyways, looking at him. The dog panted, staring at Chrom almost accusingly for interrupting its run. He pet the dog gently, "Good… boy?" when the dog wagged it's tail at his unsure statement, he continued to pet it with another "Good boy," more sure this time.

The dog seemed to be calming down, less eager to leave and start running again. After a few minutes, the sounds of feet jogging and paws hitting the ground made Chrom pick up his head and stop paying attention to the dog that was now on his back. Chrom was met with the site of the cute dog owner and the other black, almost identical black dog he owned. The white-haired male was panting just slightly, a small flush in his face.

Chrom wondered how long he was chasing after his dogs.

"There you are, Morgan," he seemed visibly relieved and Chrom stood from his kneeling position. He handed the shorter man the leash. "Thank you, I wasn't sure where he ran off to. Him and Morrigan just ran off on their own and…" he seemed flustered, and Chrom could understand why.

Chasing after two, rather large newfies was probably exhausting and nerve racking. Especially when you were the presumed owner of the two dogs.

The man shifted the leashes, holding one and stepping on the other. He glanced down at the dogs, as if to glare at them into staying and not running off again. He looked back up at Chrom, a small smile playing at his lips.

"I'm Robin, by the way, I see you around here a lot and figured I should introduce myself since these two devils seem interested in you," he glanced back down at the dogs for a moment, affection filling his eyes, "Thanks for capturing Morgan, by the way," Robin stuck out his right hand.

Chrom returned the small smile, shaking Robin's right hand. "Chrom, it's nice to meet you," Morgan--the boy dog he presumed--nudged the palm of his left hand curiously.

Glancing at Chrom's stuff and then glancing back at Chrom, Robin released his hand. "You know, there are better, warmer stuff to do homework than the cold ground." Chrom smiled, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly while petting Morgan, who was clearly asking for his attention.

"I guess there is, but it's my last chance to really sit outside and study before it gets really cold," Chrom shrugged.

Robin hummed, picking the leash under his foot back into his hand. "I guess it is," Robin watched him pet Morgan. "He likes you, Morrigan seems to find something about you interesting to sniff though," Robin returned his attention on Chrom. The small smile was cuter up close, Chrom decided.

"She's probably smelling cat," at that, Robin's smile fell just slightly.

“Oh, you’re a cat person,” there was a glint in Robin’s eyes, and the corner of his mouth twitched as he tried to be serious. Chrom tried to stop his smile from widening a fraction, but failed when Robin’s mock seriousness failed.

Chrom stopped petting Morgan, who tried to lick at his hand. Morrigan was now trying to receive Chrom’s affection as well. “You’re dogs seem to like me a lot, would you really stop them from liking such a mean, grumpy cat person?” Chrom joked, petting Morrigan this time.

“I suppose I can’t stop you’re r vile ways, next time you might turn them into cats,” Robin was grinning by then.

“Next time?” Chrom blinked at Robin, stopping his affections to Morrigan. “I thought a dog person like you would resist taking a cat person’s number,” Chrom was already searching for his phone.

“How could I resist letting these two see someone who’s clearly deprived of a dog's love?”

Muzzles

Chapter Notes

thsi one was so long i cry
chrom's texts are in italics, i imagine he types between perfect synthax to rlly weird abbreviations

Robin couldn’t help but roll his eyes at Gaius’ bored sounding voice in their kitchen. Morrigan was in his lap, refusing to budge. She didn’t seem to realize that she was no longer a puppy, and instead was a big dog now. At least Morgan didn’t join his sister. “So you finally talked to that guy you were creeping on?” Gaius came out of the kitchen, munching on whatever was in his hidden stash.

“I was not creeping on him, Gaius,” Robin pet Morrigan’s head, nuzzling her. “I just like that trail, and so do the pups,” he buried his fingers in her fur. His multi-toned fingers sticking out against the pure black of fluff that was his dog.

“Sure, Bubbles, whatever you say,” Gaius plopped on the floor near Morgan. “Libra complained about finding dog fur in his chest binder, he’ll never get it out.”

Robin hummed, “Morrigan probably slept on it last time he was over. She’s fond of him,” Robin cooed at his dog, who sniffed his face and licked his cheek.

“Probably. Did you put in the game?” Gaius looked at Robin. Robin nodded.

“Seeing as it’s on the screen, yes, I deduce the game is in,” Robin tossed Gaius a remote. He caught it clumsily.

“Careful there, Bubbles, don’t want to fuck these things up even more,” Gaius started the game, signing in. Robin watched him. “You sure you don’t want to play this time around? I thought you wanted to play the game first,” he glanced at his roommate. Robin just shrugged.

“I’m feeling generous tonight,” he absentmindedly tugged on his sleeve of his hoodie; their heater was broken. Robin would much rather have his hands in Morrigan’s soft fur rather than getting cold with the game remote.

“Should I start calling you padre?”

“Thought you reserved that for Libra to get him annoyed.”

“More like to get him in bed,” Gaius’ smirk was illuminated by the kitchen and television light combined. Robin pushed him with his foot, Gaius laughing loudly. It wasn’t true, since they both knew Libra was asexual and allowed Gaius to make jokes about their nonexistent sex life because it was admittedly funny sometimes, but just the mere thought of his friends fucking disturbed him.

“You’re gross and gay,” Robin rolled his eyes again. He seemed to always be doing that around Gaius.

“Speaking of high levels of gay,” Gaius glanced at Robin. Robin clicked his tongue when he saw that Gaius had been killed by a fairly easy enemy to beat. “What’s your crushes' name?”

“It’s not a crush, and his name is Chrom,” almost as if he was waiting for his name to be said, Robin received a text. Checking his phone, he shifted so Gaius couldn’t see the small smile on his face.

“You sure it’s not a crush?” Gaius was attempting to beat the enemy again, a smirk on his face once more. Robin didn’t say anything, so Gaius continued with his teasing. “I’m pretty sure there’s some pink and scarlet going on with your cheeks there.”

Robin shoved his head with his foot again, “It’s not a crush,” his smile had widened a fraction. Morrigan looked at him, as if wanting an explanation from the sudden lack of petting she was receiving. Robin scratched her behind the ears.

“Didn’t you say that about me in freshman year?” Robin glared at him, a glare that would’ve been terrifying if not for the smile that was still on his face.

“I can’t believe I dated you,” dating Gaius wasn’t that bad, really. It was fun while they dated. They just broke it off after a few months since they decided that they didn’t feel much attraction for each other in that way anymore, deciding to instead to just be friends. Robin was personally happy about the solution, and any feelings he had harbored were gone. He suspected it was the same way for Gaius.

“I’m a catch, just ask Libra.”

“I have more refined taste now,” Robin joked, dark blue hair popped into his mind for a brief moment.

“Are you insulting Libra?”

“Not Libra, just his odd taste in men,” Robin didn’t look up from his phone and Gaius didn’t look back at him. It was all just playful banter, they both knew that much. Gaius muttered a curse under his breath; Robin glanced up and saw that he had died again. Placing his phone on the coffee table, Robin extended his hand, “Give me the remote.”

Gaius grunted, and handed it to him without a complaint. “You’re fighting a dragon and you don’t have full potions, you do realize that there aren’t supply caches just scattered around the world, right?”

“I know, and I should go back to one of the camps but I don’t want to get back to the dragon only to have the same amount of potions. I don’t know how I can survive,” Gaius pet Morgan, who was fast asleep next to him.

“Vivienne is able to heal the whole party.”

“What the fuck, seriously?”

Robin couldn’t help but laugh in response. He played the battle carefully, making sure his mages supported the warriors while the duel-weaponed rouge that Gaius played as attacked the enemy from as behind as close as he could get. The dragon was electric, which thankfully, Gaius’ Vivienne had the right staff to go against it. Robin managed to beat the dragon faster than Gaius’ could’ve died. He handed the remote back to Gaius. Slipping out from underneath Morrigan, who whined when he got up, he grabbed his phone to get him something warm to drink.

“I can’t believe you!” Gaius called after him.

Robin just smiled, pulling on his hoodie strings. His phone had vibrated several times while it rested on the table, Robin wasn't surprised when he saw the collection of texts he had received were all from Chrom. Smiling to himself, Robin unlocked his phone to view them all at once. There was one picture of Chrom's cat from a collection of earlier texts. Robin wasn't much of a cat person, but he found the pictures cute.

Lucina keeps meowing angrily at me when I take a picture of her

Its also gonna snow tomorrow

idk how dog owners walk their dogs in snow

Especially when they have two dogs who like to run

You seem busy. Morgan and Morrigan are both highly photogenic and are more than eager to take pictures

It's not gonna be that bad I don't mind walking the dogs in the snow.

Are you implying that Lucina is not photogenic

She's highly photogenic, but my dogs are better.

Robin wondered if he was being too sassy, it wasn't often he was quick to come out of the side of his mouth. At least he hoped so, since some could figure him rude. It wasn't like he hadn't received enough shit as it was. Growing up with vitiligo was hardly a problem for him, in all honesty. He never minded his skin much, and he moved around so often he never got too much shit for it. But his abilities, or lack thereof, alarmed him.

Any other self-hating thoughts were interrupted by his phone buzzing again. He glanced at the texts while making what he had came into the kitchen for. The soft smile returned to his face when he read the text. Robin didn't figure he and Chrom were close yet, but Robin appreciated Chrom's "company"--they hadn't really had a conversation outside of text since they first swapped numbers--and he didn't mind the occasional texts that were out of the blue.

He wondered if Chrom texted everyone like this. He seemed more reserved in face-to-face conversations. Unless it was just because he was trying to break the ice. Robin didn't really mind, he was glad he finally talked to the man he had shared glances and smiles.

We've never hung out

True, why? Wanna see my pretty face?

I was just wondering if you want to. I mean, you're near campus right? Shouldn't be hard to set up something.

I live near it, kinda have to with both my roommate and I go to this school.

Ive noticed you around campus a few times :0

Anyways, do you wanna hang out

Have anything in mind?

Nope

I guess you're bad at planning things

What makes you say that

Just a feeling, i'll try to figure smth out, i'll text you then

Alright, i'll try too.

Robin slipped his phone into his sweatpants, the microwave beeping. He hissed at the hot cup, finishing and going back to the couch. It had gotten cold so quickly, but maybe it was because Robin got cold easily. He had grown up in warmer temperatures, while Ylisse had warm summers and cool falls, once it was halfway through fall or the first week of winter, the cold would hit so fast and freeze everything on Robin's body. It turned into an icy wonderland of hell.

He didn't mind winter, he just wished he didn't have to endure winter without a heater to keep his room warm. At least he had dogs.

Returning to the living room, Robin place his cup down and shoved his feet under Morgan, who just huffed softly. Gaius had switched to a different game. “Why didn’t you make me any?” Gais looked at Robin’s hot chocolate. The white-haired male just shrugged, sipping it slowly.

“You didn’t ask,” Robin answered, Gaius didn’t say anything else. Robin honestly expected the response, but he didn’t say anything else for awhile either. They both stayed silent, Robin watched Gaius play and quietly sipped hot chocolate. “Chrom offered to hang out but he’s clueless as to what to do,” Robin didn’t mind the silence. But, admittedly, he was eager to let Gaius know that they were going to hang out.

“Wow, bubbles, you usually ‘casually’ flirt before asking them out, you’re moving faster than usual,” Robin didn’t have to turn around to know that Gaius was smirking. “When’s your first kiss gonna be?” Robin snorted at Gaius’ comment. Gaius was an embarrassing friend, Robin didn’t mind at all.

“Soon,” Robin joked, Gaius laughed lightly. “Anyways, would it be weird to invite him over?” he glanced at Gaius. It had been awhile since Robin had hung out with someone that he hadn’t know for awhile.

“Are you planning to sleep with him? Make sure to put a sock on the door if you do,” Gaius said the comment so blandly Robin almost took him seriously. Almost. Instead of saying anything, Robin opted for throwing a pillow at Gaius’ face. Gaius all but squeaked before breaking into laughter.

Robin groaned, leaning down and burying his nose in Morgan’s fur. “Bringing him here is out of the question.

#

Robin ended up inviting Chrom out for lunch, nothing to expensive since he was a poor college student and could only splurge on rare occasions throughout the year. He thought about going out to coffee, but deiced that actual food would be better. Chrom had eagerly accepted, suggesting a place so fast Robin wondered if he had written a list of possible scenarios and where they would go.

They set up a date, agreeing on the Saturday after they had texted each other. As far as he knew, college kids were either sleeping around lunchtime on a Saturday or out and mingling like him. He

knew that a couple of his friends just went out on Saturday to get away from their dorm for a moment and to get good.

It was basically what Chrom and Robin were doing, just less fast food and more organized.

While Robin was leaving, Gaius had asked him to bring back any leftovers. There was no comment about Robin leaving for a date, which was honestly surprising to Robin. Typically Gaius would've said something that left the tip of one of Robin's ear pink. Agreeing to bring back leftovers, Robin had wrapped himself in a light jacket and left the apartment.

Chrom had only texted texted him to confirm the time they were meeting up. Robin had replied with confirmation and a message saying he was on his way. A (very) small part of him was disappointed by the lack of texts. The other part was just excited to see Chrom face-to-face again.

Robin was sure he wasn't romantically attached to Chrom, despite Gaius saying otherwise. Yes, he found the blue haired man undeniably attractive--hot, Robin found him hot, and his smile was just adorable--but romance wasn't on Robin's list. Dating was hard, and while he enjoyed it, he wasn't sure if h wanted to have a romance with someone he had just met. Robin wasn't that good at dating anyways, he just happened to get lucky sometimes and even more lucky if his exes still liked him after they dated.

Groaning to himself, Robin's head rolled against the window lightly. Why was he thinking about this? He didn't pin the blame on Gaius for his teasing. The intrusive thoughts were always there, ruining his fun. Robin tried to ignore them.

Realizing that they were nearing his stop, Robin hurriedly pulled the chord and muttered a small thank you to the bus driver as he got off. He glanced down at his phone, checking the address again and that he was heading in the right direction when he was sure he was heading the wrong way. It wasn't a long walk from his stop to their restaurant. When he go there, he looked up at the restaurant sign. He moved to text Chrom that he was there.

"Robin," a voice behind him made him jump. He turned around quickly, greeted with Chrom smiling at him. "Hey," Chrom's voice seemed softer, as if he realized that he had startled the Robin with calling out his name.

Robin returned his smile, "Hey. Wanna go inside?" Chrom nodded, following Robin inside the warm, nicely smelling restaurant. The two got a table easily enough, he figured that this place was more popular during dinner time than it was at lunchtime, unless they just happened to miss the lunchtime rush. The warmth of the restaurant had made Robins shed his coat as soon as they were

seated.

“I went here with my little sister last time she was in town, it’s a nice place,” Chrom spoke up, his voice was still a bit soft. It was better than his voice being loud in such a quiet place, Robin met his eyes.

“You have a little sister?”

“Her name is Lissa, she’s a med student,” their waiter came over, taking their orders before walking away again. Robin watched them leave for a moment before focusing back in on Chrom, “I don’t know how she does it, honestly,” Chrom laughed slightly.

“I have an identical twin,” Robin didn’t share too much about his family. There was a lot about his family that he didn’t want to share. He lived with his mother till he had left for uni, but his twin had lived with their father after they turned twelve.

“That must’ve been confusing while you were growing up, did your parents ever mix you up?”

Robin smiled, laughing at the idea. It had happened a couple of times, and it was worse if they were in the same class, poor teachers could hardly ever tell the two apart. At least until fifth grade where Robin’s brother had gotten a different hairstyle than Robin. “It depended on the situation, we don’t actually pull the pranks that twins do in the movies,” they hated being confused for one another.

Their waiter came to their table with their orders, Robin wondered if the kitchen was fast or if the time was just passing faster than he had expected. Robin thanked them, accepting his food with a small smile. It was silent for a moment as they both ate, Chrom had made a good choice in suggesting this place. The food was good.

After a while, Chrom spoke up again, “I have an older sister too, her is Emmeryn. She’s four years older while Lissa is two years younger? Yeah, she’s two years younger,” Chrom sounded unsure of his sisters ages for a moment.

“I’m older by four minutes,” Robin grinned at him. “So you’re the middle child?”

“It isn’t that bad, really. I mean, I was a jerk but Lissa was a brat so both of us weren’t the best kids until I was like, ten,” Chrom shrugged slightly. Robin thought the idea of Chrom being an ass to his sisters while he was younger amusing.

Not wanting to say much more about his family, Robin redirected the conversation, “What’s your major?”

“Political science, what about you?”

“History major, I’m trying to get a teaching license too,” Robin wasn’t sure what grade he was going to teach yet.

“You want to be a teacher?” Chrom had finished his food faster than Robin expected, he blinked at him for a moment.

“Is that surprising?” Chrom shook his head, and Robin finished his food. Chrom didn’t say much else, stretching slightly.

“Do you want to split the bill?” Chrom spoke up finally, and Robin nodded in agreement. The waiter came back and they paid the bill before they took their leave.

#

“You sure you don’t want me to give you a ride home?” Chrom rose an eyebrow, looking at Robin. Robin shook his head now, refusing.

“The bus stop isn’t that far from my apartment, besides, you live in the opposite direction from me,” Robin wouldn’t want Chrom to waste gas money. “I don’t mind the bus, I’m used to it,” Robin waved his hand dismissively.

“Alright, if you’re sure then,” the two reached Robin’s bus stop. Chrom looked down at Robin, he wasn’t that much shorter but they still had to tip their heads to meet eyes. “I’ll text you when I get home?”

Robin smiled, “I’ll be waiting.”

Tails

Chapter Notes

this is filler until the plot starts like next chapter

Chrom had always been one to trust others quickly. While it didn't always ring true, it also wasn't a fruitless lie. The unmeasurable trust he would put into practically strangers would leave anyone shocked. However, even if he did trusted too easily for his own good, Chrom can't say that becoming so easily so attached to someone wasn't common for even him.

The fact that he was already so attached to Robin left him in the position of relentless teasing from Lissa and concern from the closest friend Chrom had.

Frederick was one of the friends that stuck around forever. Chrom had been friends with him since childhood and he was sure he couldn't rid of Frederick even if he wanted to. Luckily for Chrom, he did not want to get rid of the other man. Although,the overwhelming protectiveness and brotherly love Frederick had for Chrom was almost suffocating.

Also luckily for Chrom, the teasing Lissa did to him was trained by the distance of their schools and she could only tease through technology. Unluckily for Chrom, Frederick and his everlasting love lived in the same flat as he did. Which meant that Chrom was constantly being questioned about Robin since Frederick didn't trust him apparently.

He was also sure that Frederick was convinced by Lissa that Chrom had some sort of romantic feelings towards Robin.

"Chrom, I don't want you to rush into something with a stranger," Chrom didn't say anything in response, just listening to Frederick while he ate his cereal. Frederick was really convinced by Lissa that Chrom was dating Robin- or was about to anyways, "However, if you needed private time with this Robin, please text me beforehand." Chrom choked on his cereal, putting the bowl down on the counter.

He coughed, looking at Frederick with the tips of his ears burning and his cheeks as well. He had no idea how to respond to that. After a few moments of just staring at his best friend with honest shock and embarrassment on his face, he responded. "Frederick, we're just friends. You really have to stop letting Lissa convince you otherwise," Chrom sighed.

Chrom felt embarrassed that Frederick was already considering what he would do if Robin and Chrom were to sleep together.

“Even if Lissa was wrong, you still stare at your phone as if you’re a puppy waiting for an owner to come home,” Frederick’s face remained blank, his voice sounded just as monotone, “You’re constantly waiting for someone to text and I’m ninety percent sure that it’s Robin.”

“Again, stop listening to Lissa, and there’s the ten percent that it’s not Robin,” although, admittedly, it was more like 99.9% that he was waiting for Robin to respond for the texts that Chrom sent him throughout random times of the day. But that was besides the point and Frederick could not know that for sure.

Frederick and Lissa were making Chrom out to be a lovesick fool. He was not lovesick, but he guessed that part of it was his fault since he had once admitted to Lissa that he found Robin cute. And he guessed that he did talk about him a lot, almost gushing about him whenever he got the chance to. But it wasn’t anything major and shouldn’t be treated as such. Denying that Robin was incredibly pretty was not on Chrom’s agenda. If he saw someone that was pretty, he was going to say that they were pretty.

Denying the attraction would just make Chrom feel awkward around Robin.

Frederick didn’t say anything to Chrom, just sipping his coffee and staring at him over the mug. Chrom wondered if he should put in an ad for a new roommate. His phone interrupted that thought.

<< [10:53 AM] why did you send a picture of lucina at 5AM just captured ‘meow’

<< [10:53 AM] why were you even awake at that ungodly hour

Chrom had completely forgot that he had sent that to Robin. He almost jumped out of excitement when he saw the texts, replying to them quickly. Frederick muttered ‘like a dog’ under his breath. Chrom ignored him.

>> [10:55 AM] she woke me up and also who doesn’t need cute cat pictures to wake up to at five in the morning

<< [10:56 AM] chrom confirmed for furry

<< [10:57 AM] also snapchat exists for this very reason

>> [10:58 AM] i dont have a snapchat

<< [10:39 AM] youre an old man, my username is historicrobin

CHrom rolled his eyes are the username. What kind of username was that? Chrom wasn't good at usernames either but really? Robin couldn't have come up with anything better? He just downloaded the stupid app, adding Robin on it.

>> [11:04 AM] that username is dumb, i just added you

<< [11:05 AM] "beanpaws"? you're an actual cat lady

Chrom didn't get the chance to reply with something witty and hilarious like he usually would. Robin had accepted his request and had sent him a snap as el. Chrom opened it, not sure what to expect. What he got was a picture of Robin and two black figures on top of him. Morrigan and Morgan looked like giant versions of those black fuzzy things from Spirited Away.

Chrom could only send a snap of him next to a napping Lucina in response. And if he replayed Robin's snap and screenshotted it, no one saw or noticed. And no one could blame him either.

#

It honestly didn't take to long till Robin and Chrom made plans to meet up again. Although they had been constantly texting and now snapchatting, they hadn't really hung out face-to-face since that one time. It was less of a hang out this time and more of an excuse for Chrom to not study alone even if Robin and him had completely different majors.

Robin agreed, Chrom able to hear the smirk in his voice over the phone. Robin really had no good excuse for studying with him so Chrom just figured that he wanted an excuse to hang out without actually having to do anything. They agreed on Thursday night, which wasn't far off. Chrom focused on making sure his part of the flat was tidy.

Frederick had a strict code when it came to anything. The man cleaned ritually, worked out on a schedule, had a job and still managed to do well in school. Chrom didn't know how Frederick wasn't dead. Chrom would be dead. Chrom *was* dead with his own little schedule. Between work, the small amount of running he did in the mornings and school, Chrom found it hard to relax.

He was messier than he was in highschool, which probably annoyed Frederick to no end but Chrom couldn't help it. Hell, he was amazed with himself for even getting half of the stuff he did done despite being unorganized and not nearly as efficient as Frederick was.

So, cleaning his own little area took longer than Chrom wanted it to. He had even vacuumed to reduce the risk of Robin going home with a complete cat on his pants and shirt. Admittedly, his little living space felt better and it was nice to have a clean space to sleep in and study in. Unfortunately he had racked up a mountain of laundry that he had to do.

This left Chrom in a pair of grey joggers that he had worn for the past two days and some old shirt from high school when Robin came over.

He felt better about his lazy outfit when he saw that Robin looked just as much as a mess as he did. They both equally looked like messes, "Laundry day," the white-haired man explained with a small shrug of his shoulders. Chrom just nodded in agreement. Even with Robin dressed in something just as raggedy as Chrom, he still found his new friend pretty.

So yes, maybe Chrom did lie Robin more than he let on but Lissa and Frederick still had the wrong ideas. Chrom wasn't going to jump into a relationship with someone he still barely knows. And gis feelings were still primarily platonic towards Robin.

"Sit down on the couch if you wanna. Do you want anything to drink or something?" Chrom watched Robin sit on the couch, crossing his legs. He looked smaller for a moment, his toes wiggling just slightly. He reminded Chrom a bit of a child which was funny since despite the teasing and dry humor he had learned was a main trait of Robin's, he held an air of maturity.

"Nah, I'm good, thanks," Robin smiled at Chrom and he couldn't help but smile back. He took a seat next to Robin. The two didn't talk much as they began to study.

#

"You have so many books to read, why do you have so many books to read?" Chrom slumped

against his couch, staring at Robin. The man didn't bring the books he needed to read but had shared with Chrom the list he had.

"Well, I mean, I am a history major," Robin replied, as if that explained everything. Chrom blinked at him and Robin sighed, looking up from where he was playing with a sleeping Lucina's paws. "Beeecaaause being a history major is a lot harder than it looks. I mean, archival research sounded fun at first but now it's amazing and totally not boring at all," sarcasm dripped off of Robin's words.

Chrom snorted, he wasn't paying attention to what he was doing anymore. Neither was Robin. The white-haired had gotten distracted by Lucina when she decided to curl up near him awhile ago. "Sounds fun," Robin gave Chrom a look. Whether it was of amusement or slight annoyance was a blur, since he looked like a mix between the two.

"It's a lot of fun," Robin kept pressing softly on the soft paw that was laid in front of him. Lucina stirred, if only for a moment. She blinked slowly at Robin before going back to sleep, a small purr being the only noise she made. "I'm surprise she's letting me touch her, usually cats attack me when I get within like ten feet of them."

Chrom just hummed, "Don't fall for her false sweetness. She does this with every new person."

Lucina was a soft cat who loved to curl up beside you when she was comfortable with you. If she wasn't comfortable with you she would pretend to be just to bite you. Honestly Chrom did not understand his cat at all.

"Does what?" Robin looked up at from her paw. "She's being sweet, if she wanted to attack me or something she would have done it alrea- Ow!" Robin drew his hand away from Lucina, a look of betrayal on his face.

"She bit me," his voice was soft.

"She does it to everyone who's new," Chrom was watching Robin and Lucina interact with amusement. "Sorry about that, does it hurt badly? Sometimes she breaks skin," he reached for Robin's hand to see if she had this time.

Robin just shook his head, "No, I'm fine, thanks." He inspected his hand. "Has she really broken skin before?"

“Yeah. Sometimes she bites me to feed her and I had this huge bruise on my cheekbone for a week because of her,” Chrom sighed out of annoyance. At least Lucina was a quiet cat, he wouldn’t be able to handle her yowling and biting. Robin looked at him with some sympathy.

“Morrigan and Morgan jump on the bed and lick my face so I can walk them, sometimes they go to Gaius. Gaius in the morning is not a pretty sight,” Chrom could only just nod his head in sympathy as well.

They spent awhile just talking about nonsense things and not studying at all. When it was time for Robin to take his leave, he still went home with a whole cat on his clothing. Chrom wished him luck on getting any cat fur out of his clothing now.

#

A day later, Chrom found himself stuck doing laundry while face-timing Lissa. She was talking about some cadaver lab that she had done recently. Chrom was trying his best to not imagine it despite the incredible detail that Lissa was telling him. “It smelled so gross Chrom! You had to be there to relish in how freaking gross it was,” the camera wasn’t focused on Lissa’s face but Chrom was able to imagine her bright blue eyes widening as she told him about her lab.

Lissa had always been squeamish when it came to anything gross. This left him as the one killing bugs. And if he was there, Frederick would be sent on killing the creepy crawlers. “Do I really need to hear every detail about your lab? Cause I would prefer not,” Chrom slipped his phone into his pocket, trapping Lissa in darkness for a brief moment while he moved his wet clothes to the dryer.

Once he finished with that, he let his sister out of his pocket. Her face was on screen. “Fine,” she said with a resigned sigh. “What have you been up to lately?” there was a pencil in her blonde curls.

Chrom hoisted himself up on a folding station. “Working and studying mainly.”

“Gross,” Lissa stuck her tongue out like a child. Chrom nodded in agreement.

“Super gross, but besides that I’ve been sleeping and hanging out with the occasional friend.”

“‘Occasional friend’? You can just say Robin since you gush about him all the time,” Lissa giggled.

“I do not gush,” Chrom ignored the small amount of heat rising to his cheeks. He was pretty sure he heard Lissa say ‘liar’ when she coughed into her hand.

Noses

Chapter Notes

> Near the end of this chapter Chrom gets roofied. Nothing happens pass that, however I am just giving a warning.

Being in college meant that you were required to stay in a frat house and go to parties. Or at least most of the movies would have you believe that. Most college students just tended to sleep whenever they could and only really had parties if one of their teams won a big game or something. And then of course there were frat houses that had kegsters.

Robin still hadn't bothered to attend anything at all.

Gaius, on the other hand, went to the occasional party and surprisingly dragged Libra along (which Robin didn't understand how, since Libra went to a different school, but it was Gaius). It was mainly because Libra was the most responsible of the two, he often helped a drunk Gaius find his way to his bedroom.

Tonight seemed to be one of those nights. Robin watched as Gaius pressed kisses to Libra's face who had his arm wrapped around the ginger. "Liiibbrrrraaa, you're so-" hic "-you're so cuteeeeeeee," Gaius' voice was laced and heavy with alcohol and Libra just pressed a kiss to his forehead.

"Need any help?" Robin was already sitting up. He set down the book he was reading. Libra shook his head.

"I can take care of this grown baby," Libra seemed to have no problem with carrying his boyfriend, who was giggly and kept getting distracted by the dogs ("Oh my god, Bubbles, since when did we have dogs? Libra, look at the dogs!"). Robin just wondered what party they went to.

It was probably some Halloween party, but most of those happened on, well, Halloween. Not two days before the holiday. But there had also been a game recently for one of the sports teams that they won, so he supposed that was what the party was for. "You have fun with that, I'll get you guys the water," Robin set his book down and stood up.

"Get us some bread too," he heard Libra from Gaius' room. He also heard Libra mutter something under his breath, cursing Gaius over something. Maybe he found yet another batch of candy that Gaius was hoarding.

Robin got them some crackers (they needed to go food shopping and for some reason had no bread) and glasses of water for the two. He didn't know if Libra had anything to drink but he still had to offer some of it to him. Just in case he had and didn't want to have a bad hangover or just wanted to sober up a bit.

Robin went to Gaius' room where the ginger was already pulling his boyfriend down to cuddle. "Gaius, get under the covers, you're going to get cold later," there was some flush to Libra's face but Robin didn't know what from. He just put the crackers and water on the bedside table. Gaius let out a whiny noise, mumbling something about being warm. He was already down in his underwear but Robin only shook his head.

“I’ll leave you to him,” Robin thanked the Gods everyday that Libra had showed up in his life. As much as he loved Gaius, he didn’t think that he would manage with him if Libra wasn’t here.

Robin decided to resettle on the couch with his book. There were papers to be written even when his drunk roommate was whining in the background.

“Do you want to go to a Halloween party with me?” Robin shifted the phone between his ear and shoulder, humming slightly at the offer. “I mean, you’ll have to get a costume and all that, but I think it’ll be fun,” Chrom sounded so excited about the prospect of going to a party. It would be really hard to say no to him, so Robin just sighed.

“Yeah, that sounds fun. I don’t really know what I’ll go as, though. Especially on such short notice,” almost as soon as he said that Gaius was sliding out of his room and looking at Robin.

“Party?” Robin wondered how Gaius heard him and if his life was suddenly becoming a sitcom.

“Uh, yeah, Chrom says there’s a Halloween party and invited me to go with him.”

“Is Gaius planning on going, too? I might drag Frederick along, lord knows he needs to get out more,” Chrom laughed on the other line.

“Knowing Gaius, he’ll be going,” he wasn’t sure how he felt about Frederick still, mainly because he had seen the brunette a handful of times and Frederick had a permanent scowl on his face whenever he saw Robin.

“Hell yeah, I’m going, Libra won’t be able to tag along though,” Gaius sighed with pure melodramatic tone. “But, costumes,” Gaius clapped his hands together. “Robin, you suck at these types of things, so we need to figure out your costume for you. Give me your phone, I wanna talk to Chrom.”

Gaius all but tackled him and again, Robin wondered when his life became a sitcom. Morrigan looked up from where she was laying as the ginger wrestled Robin’s phone out of his hand. Robin let Gaius take the phone, watching as he talked to Chrom on the other end about the party and wondering if they were going to do a group costume on such a short notice.

Robin just pet his dogs.

“No, Gaius.”
“I’m just saying that dressing up as a giant penis is less tasteful than you think it is,” Gaius huffed just slightly.

“I’m not going with any of your options,” Robin shook his head. Gaius had suggested things that weren’t safe for work or related to candy. Not that Robin had any better ideas, and Chrom wouldn’t tell Robin his costume for whatever reason. In Robin’s opinion, they were taking this too seriously.

“But Bubbles, you could’ve have been the clitoris for the vagina one.”

“How about I just figure out my own costume, okay?” Robin bit his lower lip out of slight annoyance, wringing his hands through his hair. His hair was already dyed white so if he went

gray early because of Gaius so no one would notice.

“Ugh, fine Bubbles. You’re no fun at all,” Gaius flopped down on the floor and exited the tab of halloween costumes that he had been looking at. Robin rolled his eyes. He’ll figure out the costume before the party, he’ll make sure that he had a costume in time.

———————————

Robin did figure out a costume in time for the party. It was a long, dark purple coat that had a hood and some symbols on it. He was wearing gloves and a plain white shirt and black jeans on it. It wasn’t anything that was super out there or could be registered as a costume without the coat but it was enough. Gaius only grunted when he saw Robin and Robin figured he was disappointed that he wasn’t dressed as something hot or amusing.

Gaius on the other hand was dressed in the slave costume that Leia had worn in Star Wars. “You're going to be cold,” Robin pointed out. He looked over his friend for a moment and went to grab Gaius a jacket. It was already cold outside.

“It'll be worth it,” Gaius grinned at Robin. “And I have tights on, they're sheer though.”

He rolled his eyes but decided that he wasn't going to try and pick a fight about it. As long as Gaius was comfortable, he supposed. “Chrom said he was gonna drive us,” Robin was honestly wondering what his costume was. Chrom hadn't really told him yet expect that it had to do with sports. Which wasn't really useful to Robin (although he wanted to see Chrom in baseball pants, just because he wanted to have a friendship before anything else didn't mean that Robin disapproved of seeing Chrom in tight pants).

“Sweet, is he our DD?”

“I think his friend Frederick is.”

“Freddy bear,” Robin heard Gaius mutter.

“Don't call him that,” Robin wasn't sure how the older man would respond to a nickname like that. Gaius just shrugged in response and Robin set to work at texting Chrom that he and Gaius were ready. It took three minutes for Chrom to respond;

>> [9:10 PM] on our way! :-)

Robin didn't respond, just pocketing his phone and looking at Gaius who was making sure that his nipples weren't exposed. “It's already cold,” Gaius seemed to be annoyed by this. Robin just shook his head and began to pull on his shoes.

“Are you going to wear sandals?” Robin asked Gaius who nodded. He held up a pair of gold slippers and Robin shook his head, a small smile on his face. At least Gaius won't have to face the awkwardness of having shoes that don't match your costume.

“Where are the pups?” Gaius looked around, neither Morrigan nor Morgan were in the regular spots.

“I was going to put them in their kennels but Cordelia is watching them for me.”

“Awe, Cordelia Smith not coming?”

“You have the worst nicknames, and no, she's not.”

“Listen, it fits. She's a domestic goddess, okay?” Robin rolled his eyes and just laid on the floor as they waited for Chrom.

There was a brief moment of silence before Robin’s phone started to ring. He picked it up fast enough to make Gaius snicker, “Hey.” He greeted Chrom and ignored Gaius.

“Hey! We’re downstairs,” Robin was already moving to get up. He nodded before remembering that Chrom couldn't see him on the other line.

“On our way.” Robin grabbed his keys and hung up, throwing a jacket at Gaius as he walked out of the apartment.

“We forgot pre-party shots!”

The car ride to the party was short, but it felt awkward to Robin. Chrom was wearing a basketball uniform with some reference that Robin didn't get (Chrom promised to show him the movie) and Frederick was a lazy pirate. But it was still a costume, so no one could really ride on him for it.

Frederick took awhile to find parking but once he was done, they entered the party and were instantly hit by the loud music. It had been awhile since Robin attended a party and he felt a bit dazed when he got inside.

Almost instantly Gaius was shoving a cup in his hand which he slowly sipped on for a while. It didn't take long for some girl to grab Robin’s hand and begin chatting him up and dancing with him either. She had long dark hair and seemed to glare at everyone as they passed by them or if they got in their space while they were dancing.

Robin was way too sober for this, admittedly just kind of bouncing there awkwardly. “Excuse me,” he had to lean down to talk to the woman who seemed less than pleased that he was leaving. Robin just went to get himself another drink.

Another cup and he was feeling a buzz. Not much, but enough to make him feel looser. The girl found him again and took him by the hand this time. He didn't know her name still but she was dressed in something that looked similar to Gaius’ costume, but with sheer fishnets covering some of her skin.

Robin danced with her. Not very good since they both seemed to be awkward at this, and she seemed to be having less fun than everyone else there. Even with the alcohol in his blood, Robin could tell that they were probably the most awkward pair dancing. At least Robin was having enough fun for the two of them. “My name is Tharja,” the girl was finally speaking to him while they went to get drinks.

It was a name that strangely fit her. “Robin,” he grinned at her. She gave him a shaky smile back, as if the muscles in her face weren't used to making such an action. The shaky smile fell when Robin felt someone tap his shoulder.

He turned around, seeing Gaius who looked strangely grim. “What's wrong?” Robin furrowed his eyebrows.

“Chrom. Some idiot snuck something in his drink,” Gaius was already pulling him in the direction of Chrom.

“Is he okay?” Robin hoped that was as far as the situation got.

“Nauseous and fuzzy, but fine. Frederick is chewing out the girl who tried to drug him. He’s with some girl named Sumia. Apparently she's a close friend of theirs,” Gaius still sounded unsure when he said her name. They got to Chrom, a brunette was with him, giving him concerned and almost loving looks. Robin shrugged off Chrom and went up to him.

He glanced around and saw Frederick making some girl almost cry, he suspected that was the drugger. He grabbed Chrom’s hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Hey, you okay?” He asked, wanting to hear how Chrom felt despite what Gaius told him.

“Dizzy,” Chrom leaned a bit on the girl Robin guessed was Sumia.

“Did someone call campus security?” They were at a first house so technically they should have responded. Sumia nodded.

“Yes, they said they’ll be coming soon,” her voice was barely hearable over the noises of the party. At that Robin nodded, waiting with Chrom, Sumia and Gaius. Frederick finished talking to the girl, scowling as they all waited.

When the security arrived Robin felt relieved and ready to go home. It seemed to take forever while they were talking to them and there didn't really seem to be anything for them to do since they believed that Chrom was just drunk.

They all went home angry that night.

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